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Preface.

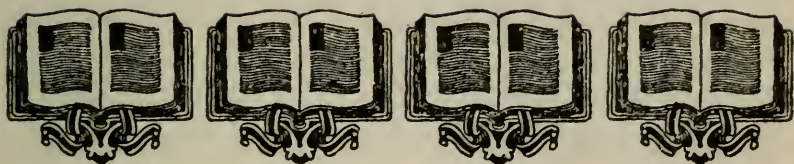
A well told tale is brief, and so may this preface be. The history of our family in America opens in December, 1708, and I dedicate it to all bearing our name in December, 1908. I am indebted to Mrs. Cora Weber Lindsay and to the Rev. A. Stapleton, both of Pennsylvania, for many of the facts and narratives recited. Records found in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio have given the data. Friends and relatives have sent me letters, manuscripts, newspaper clippings and reports, of which I have availed myself. Though I am far from satisfied with my efforts, yet this history is quite as full and authentic as is that of other Huguenots who left France under like conditions.

I am content if I have in a measure succeeded in rescuing from oblivion the memory of a family who have been factors for good in shaping the character and destinies of its descendants in the land of their adoption and preserved to my posterity the names of my antecedents from whom I hold it an honor to have come. If I have done this, then I am well repaid.

OWEN EDGAR LEFEVRE.

Denver, Colorado, December, 1908.

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THE descendant of the Huguenot, wherever found, is devoted to the land of his adoption. He is no longer a Frenchman, even in thought, and has no desire to return to the land of his ancestors to there reside. Sunny France holds out to him no inducements. He avoids the country from which his forefathers were driven or in which they were put to death. All that France may have done during the two hundred years last past, toward religious toleration, even extending its religion to infidelity, and all that she may do in the future, under a Republican form of Government, can neither dim nor efface from the pages of her history the crimes committed under the guise of religion during those bloody years from 1598 to 1685.

The dark days of our Colonies, during the Revolution, were brightened by the friendship

shown us by France, and as loyal Americans Huguenots are deeply grateful for that friendship. They fail not to recall, however, that their ancestors had been driven into exile from the land of their birth and their property confiscated. What crimes and cruelties have been committed in the name of the Church! The religious influence of the Huguenot has made itself felt in every country in which they have settled. They have been potential for good in their inter-marriages and associations.

I shall not attempt to deal at length with the Huguenot in America, but to such an extent only as may become necessary in writing the history of our family, the opening page of which was in the year 1708, with the landing of Isaac LeFevre in New York State.

It is with much regret that I have found nothing definite to write concerning the ancestors of Isaac before he fled from France, excepting the few incidents connecting him with the family into which he married. The essential facts of his life and his descendants during the past two centuries are well determined. After so great a lapse of time it is not altogether satisfactory to collect dates, names and places, which, if accurately known, would add much in color and interest in this genealogical history. I have had serious doubts at times in accepting or rejecting many things. I have been guided by the most reliable

information obtainable, whether historical, documentary or by word of mouth.

The study of genealogy is attractive. This, coupled with a just pride in the good name of our family, together with the achievements of many of the men connected therewith, have been sufficient to induce me to undertake the labor of collating and writing a brief account of the generations preceding, during the time from December, 1708 A. D., to December, 1908 A. D.

If I, in a measure, bring out the plain lives of my ancestors and perpetuate their memories, and can hold them up as examples for their descendants, then my labors will not have been in vain.

I shall strive to write of my people modestly and truthfully. Relatives and friends will be kind critics, while strangers probably will not read these pages.

From the year of Isaac's birth in France, 1669, to that of my daughter's in Colorado, 1884, is but a little over two centuries. The line of descent is unbroken and the generations have been few.

Isaac, the American patriarch of our family, was a strong tree and gave forth vigorous branches. He fled from his native land, as did over seven hundred thousand other Huguenots.

The Reformation furnished every country of Europe, as well as America, with thousands of

noble men and women from France. These took with them whatever they could to connect them with the land from which they fled. Death at home claimed many, while others were compelled to flee, thus leaving practically everything behind them. The records of Protestant births, deaths and marriages were destroyed by order of the King of France. For these reasons, much difficulty is experienced in tracing any family history in France, previous to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Armorial bearings have been of the greatest assistance in connecting the family chain. The churches even, wherein were kept certain family records, were destroyed by order of the King.

Our Coat of Arms has been preserved, well authenticated, and is thus described:

The body of the shield is in black. A trefoil slipped is in gold in the upper right and left corners; the chevron across the center is in silver, beneath which is a Maltese cross in gold; then we have below this a bazant in gold, representing a gold coin. The motto is: "Sans Changes," meaning without burden or care, and also without change; the latter being the more generally accepted meaning. The crest is exquisite in design; the trunk of a tree, couped and eradicated in fess; between the branches, growing from the trunk, is the flower of France, the Fleur De Lis.

It is necessary in writing the history of any Huguenot family to speak more or less at length concerning the Reformation. It was such an upheaval—such a severance of all ties between Church and State—so changed the political bearings of all Continental Europe that not only were Governments disturbed, but families were disturbed, separated and driven to new and strange lands. Had it not been for the Reformation there would have been no Huguenots—no Frenchmen driven to America—and the LeFevre family, like hundreds of other French families, would probably have continued subjects of the King of France, and perchance there would have reigned Kings in France to-day, and France would be a great Nation among Nations and not what she is now.

The Reformation was the Religious product of the early part of the sixteenth century. It was the outgrowth of the conflict between the priests of the Church of Rome and the people, who were unwilling to be governed by them. Martin Luther in Germany, John Calvin in Switzerland and Jacques LeFevre in France were the recognized preachers and leaders in that conflict.

The term Huguenot was applied to the Protestants of France. The origin of the term is uncertain. The first Huguenot who suffered for his religious faith and his ill-tempered behavior

was one Jean LeClerk, who was burned at the stake in Metz in the year 1525.

Queen Elizabeth of England well served the Huguenots, when they were about to yield to the Guises. Her reason was partly religious, but mostly political. She sought to crush Philip of Spain. He was the real foe to Protestantism. Philip was at war at the same time with almost every country of Europe. The Huguenots might have succeeded at one time in gaining religious freedom, had Catherine de Medici not prevailed on Charles the Ninth to believe that France could not be free and Protestant.

It was not until 1560 that the first battle took place between the Papists under the Guises and the Huguenots under the Prince of Conde.

I will pass over the various debates, treaties, civil wars, compacts and the breaking of them, together with many brutal assassinations.

It was Catherine de Medici who secretly aided and encouraged the Guises on to the devilish and ever memorable Massacre of St. Bartholomew, on Sunday the 24th day of August, 1572, while the Church bells were calling to service the unsuspecting, and which took from the streets of Paris many thousands of defenseless men and women. That day must ever live. Only ignorance and bigoted zeal can offer any excuse on behalf of the Church of Rome. That massacre was the beginning of the end for Philip of Spain,

for Charles the Ninth and for a prosperous France.

At this juncture it becomes necessary, in tracing the life of the Huguenots, to follow the history of Catherine de Medici and her son Prince Charles, who became Charles the IX. We turn from Catherine de Medici in disgust and to her and the Jesuits of Spain can be traced all the horrors of the Reformation until we come to the reign of Henry IV.

Catherine ruled with a hand of iron Charles the IX, and afterward his brother Henry, who, on the death of Charles, became Henry III. The days of Charles the IX, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, were indeed numbered. He became nervous, excitable and despondent, and died a miserable death in May, 1574, being then only twenty-four years of age. His brother Henry, if possible a still weaker imbecile than Charles, ascended the throne, and was crowned as Henry III. Though married, he was without children to inherit his throne. He was stabbed to death by a fanatic monk in 1589. Before expiring, he called for Henry, King of Navarre, and declared him to be his successor on the throne.

The King of Navarre, on taking the throne, was crowned as King Henry the Fourth. He had always been the friend of the Huguenots and was of their faith before he became the King of France. It was his love for temporal power

which at times made him turn from the Huguenots. He was unhappily mated, though, perhaps, happily married. He put away his wife Margaret of Valois, and then married far beneath him, Maria de Medici, of whom he was always ashamed, and it was not until the day before he was assassinated that he had her crowned queen. He met his death at the hands of Ravailoc on the 14th day of May, 1610.

He did many things to aid the Huguenots during his life. He prevented much persecution being waged against them. But the greatest thing ever done by him while on the throne was when, in April, 1598, he promulgated the famous Edict of Nantes. That was not only a great boon to the Huguenots themselves, but was hailed with satisfaction by England, Holland, Germany and Switzerland. That edict ended for the time being those cruel wars and cowardly persecutions. The conflict was transferred to the theological field. When Henry the Fourth breathed his last, the hope of Protestant Europe died with him. He left Maria de Medici, "cette gross banquiere," a coarse scion of a bad race. She was a false wife and a faithless queen. She was the paramour of an intriguing foreigner and a complacent tool of the Jesuits. She was regent queen during the minority of her weak son. Remembering the Medici family, the Huguenots lost hope and began to flee from France. They were pursued,

and when caught were killed, and their property confiscated.

Prince Louis the Dauphin, son of the dead Henry the Fourth and of Maria de Medici, was but nine years of age. It was just about the time of her husband's assassination that Maria became infatuated with Cardinal Richelieu, then a bishop. Though Richelieu and the queen governed Louis the Dauphin for seven years, yet in 1617, when he was Louis XIII, he asserted himself and sent both his mother and Richelieu from the Court. But in 1622 we find her again at Court, with Richelieu made prime minister of France. He at once became all powerful and so remained until his death twenty years thereafter, in 1642. His King, and at the same time servant, survived him but one year.

The crown then passed to his son, but five years of age, under the regency of the Queen, and that great minister and Jesuit, Cardinal Mazarini, and this son became Louis XIV, who revoked the Edict of Nantes.

He was by nature one of the most profound autocrats and cruel monarchs of modern times. He married Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV of Spain.

We need not continue further to account for the persecutions and the flight of the Huguenot.

In France the Reformation partook of a political as well as a religious conflict. Cardinal Riche-

lieu was then the great power in France, even greater than the King, Louis XIII. Richelieu expressed his purpose to be to entirely subjugate all things to the will of the King, and to forever break the political power of the party opposed to the Pope, and thereby to wipe out the Reformed religion.

The Edict of the King in 1629 Abridged the Edict of Nantes. This evidenced the Cardinal's power. In real effect, never again did the Huguenots assert their rights by an appeal to arms. They enjoyed comparative peace from 1652 to 1656; but after this, up to 1685, the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they were cruelly treated by the agents of the Pope. The National Synod adjourned in January, 1660, ending the ecclesiastical organization of the Reformed Church.

The new regulations put forth by Louis XIV in 1666 were so bitter, unreasonable and inhuman that all the Protestant Sovereigns of Europe denounced him. These regulations, when made effective, were the first causes of the great emigration to this country by the Huguenots.

In 1679 Louis XIV and his mistress, Madam de Maintenon, began to practice the atrocities which have made his name and reign memorable and dishonored. He ordered that the Dragonades, soldiers who stole the valuables from the

houses and ravished the women, should be quartered upon these poor people.

The Huguenots were prevented from holding public offices, all Protestant marriages were declared illegal, their children were taken from them, by right of abjuration. The Reformed faith could not receive converts. Protestant churches were destroyed, with all their records.

All who could sought safety in flight, leaving behind them their lands and personal properties. They mourned the deaths of some relatives and the banishment of others. They bade farewell to France and sought new lands beyond the seas.

It was at this hour of their distress and persecution that England, Holland, Germany and Switzerland threw wide open their doors to these poor expatriated people.

A memorable date, that of the 18th day of October, 1685 A. D., when Louis XIV signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Then France lost all—Protestantism became a thing of the past. Its preachers and converts were despoiled and driven into exile publicly or by stealth. All who had fled, and did not return to be killed, had their property confiscated and their names and families blotted out forever in France.

In blind zeal and fury the Crown had driven already over half a million of her best citizens to other countries. In their place and stead, a

million of devoted Protestants had risen to worship in secret.

The King died in 1715. The results, in effect, of his cruel and wicked reign lived long after him. France might have been, but has never been, a great nation like England.

I will not write at length of France, the Reformation or the Church of Rome, but will briefly say that in November, 1757, Louis XVI signed the "Edict of Toleration." In 1789, the Constituent Assembly destroyed the last of the oppressive laws enacted against the Huguenots. All citizens then became equal before the law. Religious conscience was tolerated and expressed. This much is in palliation, but it is neither an excuse nor does it bring forgetfulness of those horrible deeds committed by France.

Who can cherish a love for a Country from which your ancestors have been driven? A Huguenot can not respect France, she respected not herself. By her own blood she sealed her fate.

From the history preserved in many states I have gathered much of interest concerning the Mennonites, the Palatines and the Huguenots; and much might be written of them in America. They each came for a like religious reason. Many of them had left across the ocean a parent, a brother, a sister, a relative or a friend who had suffered death for their Christian belief.

They found an asylum in the New World. Here they settled side by side, though of different nationalities. They intermarried, and their children, growing up together, became as one people. In the state of Pennsylvania there are over three hundred distinct expatriated families of the Reformed faith.

I have found six separate, though no doubt related, families bearing the LeFevre name, located at a very early date, in as many different states. While they are all of French descent and Huguenots, yet they differ, as do the other people of those states. There are certain marked family characteristics in our family residing in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. The families in these states are closely related.

Pennsylvania was the mecca for all political and religious refugees. The broad and humane views of William Penn made attractive the land named for him. Isaac LeFevre and his mother-in-law, Madame Fierre, located there, through their acquaintance with him.

As early as 1660 the Colony of New Platz was established in Ulster County, New York, near the present site of Kingston. Of this Colony twelve were Huguenots. Simon and Andreas LeFevre were two of the patentees. They were doubtless relatives of Isaac, and knowing them, he in 1708 went direct to Kingston on landing in America.

In Charleston, South Carolina, that most charming of Southern cities, our family, with other Huguenots, formed a considerable percentage of the early inhabitants. The old Huguenot Church there is almost as it was built over a century ago. The same service of song and prayer is held within its walls. In the church yard rest many of our name. Trials, persecutions and the stake in the Old World made them rejoice in their religion in the New. Their lives in the Palmetto State were contented and free. I can trace no relationship with the families in Massachusetts and Carolina.

In following the settlement of the Huguenots in Pennsylvania, we start with the family of Isaac LeFevre and that of Madame Fierre, they being the first and most prominent. The records of that State show that a large body of land was surveyed and allotted to Madame Fierre in Lancaster County in 1710. She did not move upon it until 1712, when, with Isaac LeFevre, her son-in-law, together with her sons and daughters, she left New Platz to take possession of this land in the beautiful Pequea Valley.

While the account of the life of Isaac is accurate and easily followed after his departure from France, yet, concerning him and his family while in France, I have but limited information. Of some things we are certain. We know that he was born in 1669 and that ten years afterward Louis XIV,

being at the zenith of his power, boldly set about the destruction of his Protestant subjects. It was at this time that so many of the older families of France abandoned everything and fled to other countries.

The family of Daniel Fierre, in the year of 1679, escaped from France. It was in that dreadful year that so many Protestants were destroyed. Isaac, but ten years of age, is found in the family of Daniel Fierre, in the Palatinate. He subsequently marries the daughter Catherine. These authoritative incidents may well lead to the conclusion that the father, mother, brothers and sisters of Isaac had been killed with other Huguenots. I have been unable to get even a trace of his father or mother, not even their names, the year or place of their birth, nor when, how or where they died. The chapter concerning his parents, I fear, will never be opened for his descendants.

It will be remembered that all Protestants' Churches were entirely demolished, and with them perished all records of names and dates. The people who were born, married, baptized and buried, of whom the church kept accurate records, were entirely blotted out, and nothing concerning them can be ascertained. The King ordered that all who renounced not their faith should be put to death; their only safety rested in flight.

There is a difference both in the spelling and the pronounciation of our name in France and

America. I find the following in print, in manuscript and in recorded instruments: leFever, leFevre, Lefevere, Lefever, Lefèvre, Lefevre, LeFever and LeFevre; the latter is now of general usage in America, but of equal usage to-day in France is Lefevre.

There are many reasons which may account for this variety in spelling and pronunciation, such as customs, localities and want of education.

Uniformly, the LeFevres have been law abiding, self-respecting and God-fearing, wherever found, and they have left behind them a name and a record of which people bearing the name may well be proud. I sincerely hope that the descendants of this family will never tarnish or cloud its record. Connected with the family have been many of national fame. A few may be mentioned without presumption: Admiral W. S. Schley, Major General John F. Reynolds, killed at the battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863, George LeFevre of Revolutionary renown, Colonel Daniel LeFevre of the war of 1812, and my grandfather, Christian, in the same war.

In civil life, from Colonial days on down, the LeFevres have been prominent. I have gained an accurate knowledge of the salient characteristics of our family. I shall generalize by saying that as a people they have been bigoted in religion and tenacious in their own views. They have not broken the law of the land in letter or in

spirit. They have been tillers of the soil and creators of their own fortunes. They have been loyal to their adopted country and defenders in her behalf. They have been a hardy and a strong race. In earlier times they were given much to intermarrying. They were not only creators of their own wealth, but also creators of remarkably large families. Their children increased faster than new names were suggested for their christening. Hence, the oft-bestowed name of a father, mother, brother, sister, aunt or uncle upon those of subsequent generations. The records in the old family Bibles repeat the same name so often that we find it about as lacking in freshness as some of the chapters in Genesis.

In America the church, as well as the family, kept the records of all events up to year 1720 in French; following that date up to about 1800 the records were kept in Dutch. Subsequent, both foreign languages were discontinued in keeping these records, and thenceforth all marriages, births, baptisms and deaths were entered in English, whenever records were so kept.

A century ago the people possessed few books and read but an occasional newspaper, relying largely upon their Pastors for their Spiritual and worldly advice. A wonderful change had taken place within the century preceding. These same Huguenots had broadened. They at the beginning of the century were quite unlike their de-

scendants at its close. The old Huguenot had left France in fear and with regrets. His descendant had found here religious freedom and was without fear or regrets.

The worship of God, according to the conscience of the Huguenot, before the year 1700, gave place in the mind of his descendants to entire freedom from any religious restraint, coupled with a longing for the material goods of this world.

The faith of the old Huguenot was sublime, but in their reason they were ignorantly stubborn. A question in church government was almost as vital to them as was the way of salvation itself. Their differences in ritual were often so bitter that church seceded from church, friends and neighbors were friends and neighbors no longer.

Our worthy ancestor, Isaac, was not one of the lamb like. He either got more of the church than he desired, or else got less of worldly goods and wanted more, read it as we will, when we learn that he was tried, but acquitted, by the deacons of his church, because of his ignoring some article of church government. The transplanted native of Holland found little in common with the expatriated Frenchman, except a common faith. They were each positive and aggressive in contending for their own views, whether respecting worldly or spiritual matters.

The controversies over the allotment and choice of lands between the colonists were no less bitter than their contentions over church government. A division took place in the New Platz and Kingston churches. Isaac, with other members of the church, some seventeen in all, were brought up for church trial upon charges preferred by the Lutheran pastor. The accusation against them being that they were "Pietists," and as such, if convicted, a forfeiture of all their interests in, and the rights to, the lands granted by Queen Anne would be declared.

They were acquitted, but that brought neither peace, contentment nor good feeling back to the accused. They looked about for another home, and their eyes rested upon the land of William Penn, where they could enjoy not only greater freedom in their church government, but likewise might gain and keep more lands. There the French Huguenot would be away from the Hollander, and might worship under a pastor of his own.

This change, however brought about, was of great worldly advantage to Isaac LeFevre, since he accumulated some fifteen hundred acres of the choicest lands in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

A rather interesting statement concerning this land is made by Samuel LeFevre, Esq., of Iowa City, Iowa. He says that: "Not until 1866 did my father sell some sixty-six acres of land, the

last of the original tract owned by Isaac, and which had never changed in title from 1712 to 1866." This fact makes noticeable three things in the history of the family, viz.: the kind of occupation, the independence of possession and the strong love of home.

It is gratifying to learn that a deep sense of justice in Isaac led him to buy such of his lands from the Indians as were not conveyed direct under the grant from William Penn. The stability of character and fixedness of purpose in our family in Colonial days is evidenced by their great well built residences. These are to be found in New York, Maryland and Pennsylvania. There we find the old family homesteads, with houses of stone, whose walls are of such thickness that they were used as forts whenever the occasion demanded. George LeFevre, in the year 1778, erected one of these great houses in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and which to-day remains a magnificent structure.

Gossip concerning a people and their characteristics is always interesting. I have gathered together the following: The LeFevres, as a family, lacked in energy. They neither would work hard themselves nor make their slaves work hard. They were not noted for book learning, but could always talk well, and knew when to keep their mouths shut. They were known for their prudence, good sense and keen judgment. They held

their own well among all the early settlers. When the church sought its release from Holland's regulations, and the Colonies their freedom from English dominion, they were ever found on the side of right and justice. They were for the people among whom they lived and for the land of their adoption. They gave liberally of their goods to the church, and of their men to the wars. They never wavered in the performance of their duty. None of them ever found their way to the poor house, nor were they given to feuds and family quarrels.

May this bit of traditional history, giving the strong, marked and worthy characteristics of our family, find no closing chapter; rather, let this generation and our descendants nurture, cultivate and perpetuate these same distinctive characteristics, for these are a goodly heritage, better than lands. For those of our family who have made no study of its history in America the following may be of biographical interest:

The records in Brooklyn and New York tell of "Peter LeFevre in 1653;" Hipolytie LeFevre of Salem, New Jersey, is mentioned in 1676, as a member of the famous council of John Fenwick. Andres and Simon signed the Treaty on May 26, 1677, with the Indian Sachems of New York. (See Documentary History of New York, Volume III, Page 506.) Of the name in France we are justly proud of Jacques LeFevre of Meaux, a

great leader and preacher in the days of the Reformation. He met a martyr's death for his religion. Francois Joseph Le Fevre, the Duke of Dantzic, of the Catholic branch of the family remaining in France, was of fame in 1815. He was highly esteemed by Napoleon as one of his greatest generals, and history has placed him among the very great military men of modern times.

Shaw Le Fevre of England succeeded to the name through marriage. He was a member of the House of Lords, his wife being a LeFevre. She was of Huguenot ancestry, exiled between 1679 and 1708. I omit much of interest concerning the families bearing the name and only write of those who trace in a direct line from Isaac.

The life of Isaac is closely connected with that of the family of Daniel Fierre. It is necessary, therefore, to write at length of the family of the latter.

Daniel Fierre was married to Maria Warembur in the year 1669, the year in which Isaac was born. A book on Norman Nobility, in Volume II, on page 351, gives the Fierre family as of the nobility. Unto this worthy couple we find six children were born, of whom Daniel, the elder son, and Catherine, the fourth child, were destined to act an important part in connection with our family.

After being despoiled of their goods by the Dragonades and insulted by the soldiers of the

King, the Fierres were compelled to seek safety in flight. Accordingly, by night and over the less frequented highways, in 1679, they left France and reached Strasbourg. How long they remained there I do not know, but from there the family moved to Lindau in Bavaria, where Daniel, the father, died. His wife resumed her maiden name, Warembur, as a means of security after the death of her husband. Isaac left France at the age of ten, and joined the family of Daniel Fierre. The parents of Isaac and the family of Daniel Fierre were friends and neighbors. There was no great difference between the ages of Isaac LeFevre and Catherine Fierre. Either at Strasbourg or at Lindau Isaac became an intimate of the Fierre family.

A common religious faith, coupled with that bond of union existing between exiles, were sure forerunners of a love which united as man and wife Isaac with the eldest daughter of Daniel Fierre. Upon the death of the father, the son Daniel became nominally, though Madame Fierre was always the actual head of the house. She it was who decided to leave the Old World for the New. Accordingly, on the 10th day of March, 1708, the Civil passport then required on leaving any country was issued in her name, and signed by one Dietrick as County Clerk, in the absence of the Counsellor of the Palatinate.

Likewise, on the same day, a church letter was furnished her son Daniel and his family, signed by his Pastor, certain elders and deacons of the Reformed Church, called the Walloon Church of the Pelican in the lower Palatinate, viz.: J. Roeman, Pastor; Peter Scharlet, James Bailleaux, Michael Massakof and John Baptiste LePlace as Deacons and Elders.

Isaac, with his family, then consisting of his wife and son Abraham, were furnished both the Civil passport and religious letter. These two families, thus fortified civilly and spiritually, were ready to sail for England. They arrived in London and there found much aid and sympathy.

Soon thereafter Madame Fierre called upon William Penn, to whom she made herself known, and related her trials and persecutions. Penn became deeply interested in her and was moved to act in her behalf. He accompanied and introduced her to Queen Anne, then the Sovereign of England. That good Queen, whose great kindness had already been extended to thousands of religious refugees, was deeply interested in her recital and promised her substantial aid.

William Penn volunteered to give her a tract of land in Pennsylvania, to which she subsequently obtained title on her settlement in that State. He granted to her two thousand acres, being a portion of a large grant of some ten thousand acres made by Penn to one Martin Kindig.

The warrant for Kindig's land, however, was not dated until the 10th day of October, 1710 A. D., while the survey of the same was made thirteen days thereafter. This land was subdivided, and two thousand acres were set apart to Madame Fierre on the 5th day of April, 1711. (See Penn Archives, volume XIX, Page 529.) "September 10, 1712. The late commissioner having granted ten thousand acres of land to the Palatinate by their warrant on the 10th day of October, 1710, in pursuance thereof, was laid out to Martin Kindig, besides the two thousand acres already confirmed to him and to be paid for, the like quantity of two thousand acres towards the Susquehanna, of which the Surveyor General has made return. The said Martin now appearing, desires that the same may be granted and confirmed by patent to Maria Warembur, widow, for whom the same was taken up and intended, and who is to pay the consideration for it. But upon further consideration of the matter, it is agreed among themselves that the said lands shall be confirmed in and to Daniel Fierre and Isaac LeFevre, being two of the said Widow's sons."

Presumably, this land was either held in trust by Daniel and Isaac, or divided between all the children of Madame Fierre; though it no doubt embraced much of the fifteen hundred acres belonging to Isaac at the time of his death.

William Penn, at the time Madame Fierre and Isaac met him, in 1708, was sixty-four years of age, and had accomplished much in favor of religious freedom. His great treaty with the Indians was on the 4th day of November, 1682. While no written word of that treaty is extant, yet it was never broken. No Quaker was ever killed by an Indian.

In writing of the family of Daniel and Maria Fierre, in their flight and wanderings from France, I have told all that is known concerning Isaac up to the time of his departure from France.

A Bible, published in Geneva, now belonging to Mr. Samuel LeFevre of Iowa City, Iowa, was the property of the parents of Isaac. In this a record of the births of their children was kept written in very poor French. It was brought by Isaac to America. It is much to be regretted that the names of his parents, with the dates of their births, marriage and deaths do not appear therein.

A copy of the births taken from the Bible is as follows :

La nativitate de Judith Lefever est due 20-Oct., l'annie 1660.

La nativitate de Philipe Lefever est due Jour de Mai, l'annie 1664.

La nativitate de Jacob Lefever est due 20-Decem., l'annie 1666.

La nativitate de ISAAC LEFEVER est due 26 de-Mars, l'annie 1669.

La nativitate de Mari Lefever est due 15 Janvier, l'annie 1671.

La nativitate de Susanna Lefever est due 12 Sept., l'annie 1672.

La nativitate de Carlo Lefever est due 24 Oct., l'annie 1680.

The date of the birth of Carlo would rather lead to the conclusion that Isaac was either at home in 1680 or that subsequent thereto, in some way, he came into the possession of the family Bible. Of his family Isaac alone lived to give an account of himself and was destined to make both a name and a history for himself and his descendants.

When and where he married Catherine Fierre we know not. We know that their first child, Abraham, was born on the 9th day of April, 1706. Isaac was at that time thirty-seven years of age, with Catherine some few years his junior.

We now find him in the full vigor of manhood, blessed with a wife and child, and the advisor of Madame Warembur, as she was known in her wanderings. They were pursued by the orders of the King; were without lands or patrimony, bereft of all funds, and found rest in a strange land. England, Holland and many other countries of Europe had invited these Huguenots, but their hope and destination was the New World.

Isaac, with his family and associates, under their passports of March 10, 1708, assembled themselves in London, where they remained until the latter part of September of the same year. A patent, under date of August 27, 1708, was issued by Queen Anne, granting the permission to colonize in America, under the Reverend Josiah Kocherthal, to certain French and Palatinate exiles. Embraced in this patent were the names of fifty-four people, among whom we find Isaac with his wife and son, Daniel Fierre with his wife and two children and Madame Fierre, the mother, with four other children, which made twelve in all of this one family.

The ship's register shows that but twenty-five out of the fifty-four enrolled were ready when the time came to attempt the long ocean voyage. Lord Lovelace, commissioned Governor of New York, was placed in command of the transport "Globe," which was to carry the Rev. Kocherthal and his flock.

It was not until some time in December that they landed on the shores of a new land, destined to be their home. Winter with all its fury, its cold and bleakness was upon them. How painful the contrast with the warm and sunny land they had left. What a forlorn outlook. What a blissful awakening from the horrid nightmare which had rested over them so many years! To be free and their own masters meant much to them.

Certainly there could be nothing more terrible in the future than that which they had left behind them. They rejoiced in that their days of persecution, trials, fears and sorrows were ended, be their future what it may.

As Isaac passed from the decks of that old wooden built ship, stepping upon the solid earth of a new land, his mind must have been filled with memories of the past. What had been his childhood? Alone in the world, without parents, brothers or sisters, his young manhood must have been saddened. When he was five years old the Edict Chambers were suppressed; at ten years of age Louis XIV ordered the confiscation of all property, personal and real, belonging to every Protestant.

He had clung to the faith of his parents and had found himself orphaned and an exile. The doors of citizenship, as well as the doors of religious faith, in America, swung outward to let him in. He had left want and had found plenty. The command of a King had directed his worship, had called upon him and his children to abjure the Protestant religion. He had landed where the command of a King was not to be obeyed. No voice, save that of conscience, directed him. Here he was to build his own future.

With the energy of the Huguenot, he met the blasts of winter and sowed the grain in the spring

time, to be harvested before the next winter. He came in contact with the Indian, and they were friends. The forest became his fields. He blazed a way for his descendants, over a rough road at times, but the attainment of his life was honor, respect and usefulness. His religious trials and sufferings before coming, and of those who came with him, were such as to beget bigotry and intolerance. Their religious teachings made them narrow and their hardships made them selfish and disagreeable in some phases of their social life.

Notwithstanding their environments, their lives were pure and they left a salutary impression on the character of their descendants.

Isaac was henceforth, as he left the transport "Globe," to be an American, and no longer a Frenchman. The last link which bound him to the Old World was broken. He ever enjoyed the confidence and respect of those with whom he came in contact.

Soon after their landing, Kocherthal, their Pastor, with his little flock, started up the Hudson River, to enter into the possession of the land granted to the Colonists by Queen Anne. It was located in a valley, along a creek called the Quas-saik. Of the land so granted, a portion, "Five hundred acres, were set aside for school and church purposes." The remainder, some fifteen hundred acres, was to be divided among the heads

of the twenty-five families entitled thereto under the Charter.

As early as 1660 a settlement of French Protestants had been made near New Kingston, in Ulster County, New York. In 1677 a final treaty was made and signed between the patentees of this colony and the Indians. A disturbing element was injected into that settlement, when, in 1708, the Dutch Pastor, with his flock, came in. Religion and Church Government were made the pretext, but, in reality, a strong feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction arose concerning the allotment and distribution of the land given them. This is not infrequently true of gifts. Their Pastor, being thus confronted by their great and growing spirit of discontent, returned to England in the early Spring of 1709.

When he reached the mother Country, in a most persuasive way he laid before the Queen all the "Differences in Church and property arising in his Colony." She granted the Colonists material aid and furnished them also much good advice.

After remaining in England several months, he returned, full handed, to his people. He brought with him implements for the shop, the farm, the household and the table, together with a better knowledge of the Huguenot.

In the distribution made of the things so brought was allotted "unto Isaac LeFevre, hus-

bandman, one wood ax, one little hatchet, one former, besides several small pieces more." (Documentary History of New York, Volume III, page 551.)

The embassy of their Pastor for a time seemed to have accomplished much good. Soon, however, the same spirit of discontent and unrest manifested itself. The divisions and allotments of the land, together with the dissatisfaction following the church trials, were inducing causes in leading many from New York State to the land of William Penn.

The real reason for the removal of Isaac and the Fierre family to Pennsylvania was the desire to enter upon the grant made in favor of his mother-in-law.

He had remained near Kingston from December, 1708, to some time in the spring of 1712. From Kingston to Lancaster is now but a railroad journey of a portion of a day; then traveling through an unsettled country, without roads, through dense forests and crossing small streams and large rivers was the weary work of many days. Their arrival in Lancaster County in 1712 has already been chronicled.

"It was on the evening of a summer day when the Huguenots reached the verge of a hill commanding a view of the beautiful valley of the Pequea. It was a woodland scene, a forest inhabited by wild beasts, for no indication of civ-

ilized life was near. Scattered along the banks of the Pequea, among the dark green hazel, could be discovered the Indian wigwams, the smoke issuing therefrom in its spiral form. No sound was heard but the songs of the birds. In silence they contemplated the beautiful prospect, which Nature presented to their view. Suddenly a number of Indians darted from the woods. The females shrieked when an Indian advanced and in broken English said to Madame Fierre: 'Indian no harm White, White good to Indian; go to Chief; come to Beaver.' They went with him to Beaver, who, with the humanity that distinguished the Indian at that time, gave to the emigrants his wigwam. The next day he introduced them to Tawana, who lived on the great flats of the Pequea. He was a Chief of the Conestogos. Tawana was one of the signers of the famous Penn treaty. The friendship formed between the Redmen of the forest and the Huguenots, upon their arrival, was maintained for many years, each race giving the other assistance in the time of need."

In 1716, within four years after Madame Fierre had entered into possession of her lands in Pennsylvania, she died, and was buried on her own land, given by her for family burial purposes. In the old "Carpenter Grave Yard," after a most eventful life, she rests. Many of her children

and descendants lie by her side. A great woman in any land and in any age was Madame Fierre.

Those of us who trace our ancestry through her may well be gratified with what she was and what she did. Such characters are few. They are leaders in thought and action. They overcome every difficulty. They dread not persecutions, but for conscience sake bear any burden.

At the request of Madame Fierre, Isaac LeFevre and Daniel, her son, made the payment of one hundred and fifty pounds, and took the title to the two thousand acres granted to her.

At the age of forty-seven, Isaac found himself an important personage in the new community. He was continuously adding to his land, until, at the time of his death, he owned fifteen hundred acres of the very choicest lands in the valley. To have accomplished so much and under such difficulties would denote a man of great determination, of an aggressive disposition and of more than ordinary mental capacity. Rev. Stapleton says in his book that "the descendants of Isaac LeFevre have been an honor to their Huguenot Ancestor." Isaac died in 1736. The children born unto Isaac and Catherine were:

Abraham, born April 9, 1706.

Philip, born March 16, 1710.

Daniel, born March 29, 1713.

Mary, born August 24, 1715.

Esther, born May 3, 1717.

Samuel, born May 3, 1719.

I have made no investigation of the lives of any of their children, other than that of Daniel, through whom I trace, except, incidentally, it be that of their second son, Philip, who died in 1761. He was a noted manufacturer of firearms near Lancaster. His son, George, born in 1739 and died in 1820, served as an officer with great distinction in the war of the Revolution. After his return to civil life, in 1780, he, with his relatives and some Huguenot friends, removed from Pennsylvania and settled in Cumberland County, Maryland. I do not know when or to whom George was married. He probably was a bachelor during the war. However, on the 14th day of February, 1785, his son Jacob was born. The latter removed to Ohio with his wife and settled near the old town of Lebanon; a son, Elias, was born to them, December 10, 1809. He died near Sidney of the same State. He was the father of several sons and daughters. Benjamin LeFevre was one of his sons. He is a well-known lawyer, politician and society man in New York and Washington. Benjamin, for two or more terms, represented his district in Congress from Ohio. He likewise was United States Counsel at Nuremberg, Germany. As a lawyer he attained distinction as Attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Daniel, the third son of Isaac, through whom I trace, was born on his father's farm in the Pequea Valley, the year following the welcome extended his father and mother by Beaver, the Indian Chief. There he grew to manhood, and was married to Mary Catheau in 1738. This couple were blessed with a large family, named Christian, Mary, Catherine, Elias, David, Esther, Solomon and Daniel.

The first son and child, Christian, was born on the 26th day of August, 1739. He was my great grandfather. Two of his children emigrated westward. My grandfather, Christian, and a younger brother, Daniel, left their home in Maryland and settled in Ohio, living upon adjoining farms in Miami County.

My great grandfather, either before or after his marriage, followed other Huguenots from Pennsylvania into Maryland. His home was on a creek or small river called Monocacy, near Fredericktown, where he resided until his death. On that farm my grandfather was born, and remained until he had grown to manhood and had married. The old house was still standing in 1863, at which time the little stream Monocacy was made to run red with the blood of battle in the Civil war.

A considerable proportion of those who had made a settlement near Fredericktown continued to speak the low German acquired in Pennsyl-

vania, and thus discontinued the language of their fathers. My grandfather conversed in German readily, but never, to my knowledge, spoke in French.

The death of his parents before my grandfather left Maryland was no doubt the reason why he never returned to the home of his childhood.

In the year 1808 my grandfather was married and moved West. In 1871 he died. This family history is written in 1908, the data for which I have gathered in the past ten years; time alone excuses the omission of some most important features. To illustrate: I have not been able to learn the maiden name of my great grandmother, or date of her marriage. The Bible recording the names of all my uncles and aunts, in which were recorded the names of my great grandfather and great grandmother as well, I am informed, can not be found since the death of my grandfather, though the house in which he lived and died has passed into the possession of one of my cousins, but the Bible has not been found there.

A half century ago not much attention was given to family ancestry. Names, births, marriages and deaths were of no great import. The genealogist is now taxed the more for that reason in connecting the present with the past. Then to die was soon to be forgotten, except by the immediate family. Now to die is not only to be

remembered for what one may have accomplished, but historically one is connected with those who died centuries ago and from whom we have descended. Our deeds live after us whether good or evil. One should be ashamed to die until he had accomplished something for the betterment of mankind.

Leaving the place of his birth and the scene of his childhood in 1808, seven years after the death of his father, we find Christian, my grandfather, ready to seek a home and fortune for himself and bride in an unknown country. The old familiar names were no longer to be sounded in his ears, such as had been handed down from one generation to another.

When we read of the births of boys and girls we find that they continued to arrive with patriarchal promptness almost every other year, until the house was filled. It was an age when the "fruitful vine" was religiously cultivated. The command to multiply and replenish was conscientiously and willingly obeyed. Perhaps a spirit of emulation existed between neighbors and none were willing to be outdone or have less children than his forefather.

The mother was then proud of her brood, and fruitfulness was praised by neighbors and extolled by the shepherd of the flock. Providence was then kind in dropping at their doors so many children.

The women of to-day reluctantly bear the maternal duties of a home. They fret and bewail the care of children. With better constitutions than their mothers, it is to be hoped that the girls of to-day will become in the future glad and willing mothers of large families.

In the past two generations a great falling off in the number of children in the LeFevre families has been noticeable. From thirteen children in my grandfather's family the number decreased to five as the greatest number in the family of an uncle. That number has been further decreased in the families of their grandchildren. In the State of Maryland, as far as I know, the chapter of our family history closed with the death of my great grandfather. In Ohio the name will probably live longer than in any other state, because of greater numbers.

Daniel LeFevre, the brother of my grandfather, lies buried in Knoup's grave yard in Miami County. His only child surviving is a daughter, now residing in Dayton, Ohio.

Christian, my grandfather, born on the banks of the Monocacy, near Fredericktown, on the 12th day of June, 1786 A. D., at the age of twenty-two, on St. Patrick's day, in 1808, married a winsome little Irish lassie, Miss Jely Maloy. I can well imagine her at that date. If she was half as sweet, lovely and captivating in her maidenhood as she was as my grandmother, I can well

understand why he wooed and won so early, and led her so far away to the Westward, as his sole guiding star.

I always remember her as a well dressed old lady, who never did work of any kind, other than light sewing and superintending her milk house, a most immaculately clean room. When she scolded and frowned, looking over her gold-rimmed spectacles at us youngsters in mischief, we had little fear of her and were not often obedient. She was possessed of good Irish wit and her mirthful nature brought her hosts of friends and no enemies; she had the rich humor of her race. She was exceptionally winsome in face, attractive in dress and in personal appearance. She it was who softened and moderated the austerity of manner and the narrower and harsher religious views of her husband. She was short and fat, a complexion like a girl's, with red cheeks and bright blue eyes.

Her husband was in contrast. He was six feet in height and excellently well muscled; prominent features, deep set gray eyes, thick, rough, bristling hair and of military bearing. He was without the inclination, though not the ability, to be humorous. He, however, enjoyed a good anecdote and saw the amusing side of life. As I most readily recall him, he viewed life seriously. His chief pleasures were at his own fireside. He measured this life and met its obligations as a part

of the life to come. Eternity was the morrow of to-day with him. Into his early life many shadows had fallen, deepened by his intolerant religious views, such as he had imbibed through his early associations. He read as literal and interpreted as real every line of his Bible. Though bright and joyous had been the day for us children, as we played over the fields and in the orchards, yet the night was sure to follow with its gloom and sadness as we were forced to listen to him read the Bible and offer up one of his long prayers, which seemed would never end, and when his prayer was finished we were all fast asleep on our knees. His early life was filled with hard toil. His journey Westward and his struggling there in the wilderness must have influenced his character and left him in his mature manhood as I, the boy, knew him, and still think of him. He read to me from Fox's Book of Martyrs, and told me such tales of the Reformation that I looked upon him in the light in which Luther and Calvin were regarded. His ancestor, Jacques LeFevre, left no descendant who could have been a more zealous follower. They would have found in each other not only a kinsman, but a companion. He was a soldier in appearance and a martinet in his family government. With him there was neither argument nor doubt concerning his wishes and directions. He suffered none of his children to question the Holy Writ. All therein to him,

and so must be to them, was truth and nothing to be doubted. His sons and daughters were baptized in his faith, the Presbyterian, but did not entertain the same narrowness in belief.

I have written, not in criticism of my grandfather, but believing that his descendants will be pleased to learn some of the salient characteristics of this strong, God-fearing man. Men of his mould have passed with their generation.

In 1800 the jurisdiction over the Northwest Territory, then embracing what became afterward the state of Ohio, as well as other Western states, was relinquished to the National Government. The Indian titles, wherever established, were likewise bought by the National Government.

Ten years previous thereto, in 1790, Fort Washington had been built on what became the site of Cincinnati. The treaty of peace at Greenville, in 1794, established friendly relations with the Indians.

Hence, in 1808, when my grandparents were married, and decided to cast their lot in the almost unknown land, there was an objective point, Cincinnati, already in existence, a village of perhaps a few hundred, composed of river men, trappers, traders and pioneers. Strange and attractive tales passed from mouth to mouth concerning that new and unexplored country.

A spirit of unrest and love of adventure has been ever present in the native American. Some

such impulse moved my grandfather. It has always been the courageous men of every generation who have moved to the Westward. They have created and builded.

Our young couple were leaving behind all friends and relatives. They were entering into a new life in an unknown wilderness. In early Spring they embarked at Allegheny City with their few household goods, and on the frail flat boats of that day they drifted down the Ohio, then swollen to a great river by the spring freshets, and landed at Cincinnati. There they found the traders of the settlement and the trappers from the interior bartering, drinking, buying and selling pelts and furs. Samuel Huntington was the Governor of Ohio at that time, it being a state.

The novelty of the settlement did not long detain them. They remained long enough to buy such horses as would be needed and such things as their new life made necessary. Probably they were accompanied, at least a portion of their journey, by others who were bound for the Northwest. Companionship meant much in those days. While it is true there was nothing to be feared at the time from the Indians, yet the very solitude of the forests made the face of man the more welcome. What may be a trial to one alone is often an amusing incident to several. They required no guide. Their direction was to the North, following the meanderings of the Big

Miami River, which emptied into the Ohio a mile to the west of Cincinnati.

They were daily hearing much of the beauties of forest and stream, and of the great fertility of the lands in the valley of the Miami. There could be no want of game or fish on their journey.

Follow the river was the only direction given to our young couple. How long and how far they were to journey, and where to make their home, they knew not. Each mounted upon a horse, with their limited personal and household effects packed upon other horses, they started, full of hope and possessed of health.

No one who has ever lived in the Miami Valley can ever forget its beauty. No other stream ever ran beneath such overhanging trees. I remember it after much of its primeval grandeur had disappeared. The great forests had been broken. The hand of man had felled many of the great trees and had destroyed much of the wild game, which found protection therein, and had driven away most of the song birds.

A bridle path along the river was smooth and rough in turns. Here and there a farmer had cleared away a few acres. The woods on either hand were so thick that even the wind barely disturbed the sombre depths of the great branches.

It was a lonely yet lovely journey. In places a shaded roadway was along the river's bank, where at night they camped and enjoyed the

society of others. The songsters which made glad the coming day were their friends. The smaller animals of the forest barely got out of their way. Their journey on those charming days in early June must have been ideal. The deep shaded woods kept off the noonday sun. The many wild flowers about them gave a poetic coloring to their thoughts, and their words were not commonplace, but were of nature interpreted. From overhead the scarlet tanager and the bluebird were loud in claiming their attention. From the thickets and low branches was caroled forth the liquid song of the brown thrush. These three songsters are to-day seldom seen or heard in Ohio, though in my boyhood they were common visitors in the month of June. The river which they followed was as clear as a mountain stream, wherein were great schools of fishes at rest in the shadow of the overhanging trees. The scenery was often as magnificent as primeval.

All nature breathed of its Creator. Our travelers were never wearied. When the day's journey was over they built their camp fire, prepared the evening meal and slept sweetly the night through. They arose at the dawn of day with all the freshness and vigor of youth. The birds called them in the morning, and the sound of the whippoorwill was the minor note lulling them by night.

As day followed day they journeyed on, and were ever filled with new delight. The day's journey was long or short as they chose. The distances between the settlements, and these were generally where the log stockade and block-house had been built, were at times considerable.

They arrived at the village of Dayton, where they stopped for two days. It was made a settlement in 1796, and incorporated into a town in 1805, but was nothing more than a trading post until 1820. It was excellently located at the junction of three rivers, the Big Miami, Mad River and Still Water. Here was a strong block-house and a considerable settlement. The same old log structure is a Museum now, and is well preserved; much as it was in 1808.

Immediately opposite the block-house, on the north bank of the Miami, was the mouth of the stream called Still Water, ever cherished in memory by me; the virgin beauty of which, as during my childhood, has long since departed. It was fed gradually the year through by springs. The drainage of the soil and the cutting down of the trees along its banks have dried it up until now a horrid little rivulet remains with islands and rank weeds in its bed. That beauty is not a memory tinged by youth's fancies, but a fact, never to be effaced. I was born near it and shall ever hold it in loving memory.

They resumed their journey along the banks of the Miami, which within two days they were to forsake and to give themselves to the guidance of one of its tributaries.

At the end of their second day's journey, after leaving Dayton, they came upon a most picturesque spot, where a little stream, called then as now Lost Creek, emptied itself into the Big Miami. Their rest by its side that night, listening to its soft murmurings, was the deciding influence to lead them the next day along its green banks a few miles to the north. Shaded in the forest depths and away from the midday sun they wandered on. The trees and the soil were the same as along the banks of the Miami.

They had traveled some five miles from where they had camped the night before, and while stopping for their noonday rest, they were so charmed by the peculiar beauty of the spot that they rested there the remainder of that day and night; and still they rested, and there, for sixty years thereafter, they resided until death claimed them. The place they had chosen for their noonday rest became their exact abiding place during all their earthly pilgrimage.

Of neighbors they had none so far as they knew within many miles. They often told of the great hardships there before them; a log cabin and the necessary outbuildings were to be built; the great trees were to be cut down, rolled to-

gether and burned, and the land must be cleared of underbrush. A living must be had from the soil.

Fields thus prepared by ax, ox and fire were made ready for the breaking and seeding. The ox was used for the heavy work, while the horse was saved for riding and carrying to the settlement the few things to be sold.

The head of the house was then busied in field and forest, while the wife was engaged in household duties.

The Indians were friendly during the first three years after my grandparents began the creation of their home in the wilderness. The country was gradually being opened up for farming, and neighbors were more plentiful. An ever expanding clearing, better crops, and the increasing number of their children made life very attractive to my grandparents. Social life began to show itself; men assisted each other in building their log cabins, and their wives accompanying them found companionship. Soon these frontiersmen organized themselves into militia companies. Saturday afternoon was their day for drill, and became the appointed time for all tests of physical skill and prowess. A challenge of any character must be accepted either to dance, to wrestle, to shoot at a mark or to fight with the fists.

They were stalwart men, possessed of untiring industry, endowed with hard common sense,

enlivened by wit and good nature and ever filled with buoyancy and courage. They were equally ready with the hand of friendship or their trusted rifle. They were pronouncedly friends or foes.

The physical rather than the intellectual had first place in determining a man's status among his fellows. My grandfather must have succeeded in such contests, since he was elected by his neighbors as an officer in their militia company, and served as such in the war of 1812. He carried a line officer's sword, which was then only worn by a commissioned officer. What an object of curiosity that old sword was to me as a boy! It seems not to have been much treasured by his immediate family. It found its lodging place in an old outhouse, and was subsequently used in cutting down the corn stalks each Autumn.

That sword was never taken from its scabbard on the field of battle. His company, with that of others, was organized into a regiment at Dayton, and from there ordered to Detroit. Their march was most difficult and tedious, filled with many hardships, but freed from actual conflict with the Indians.

I may here add that I am not at all interested in any of the Colonial or Revolutionary societies, and therefore have made no attempt to trace my ancestors with the view of becoming eligible to membership in any such societies.

If any there be who are interested in connecting themselves with any of the patriotic societies of to-day, little difficulty will be encountered by them, either in the direct or collateral lines.

- A fine old brick residence, built some sixty years ago by my grandparents, still is a beautiful home, with all that word implies. It stands back from the west bank of Lost Creek, perhaps five hundred feet. It is almost on the exact spot where they first erected a log cabin and afterward a frame house. A contented life they must have led, since we find them on practically the same spot they chose for their noonday's rest in the leafy month of June in the year 1808. Their last earthly abiding place was their choice more than half a century before. At their death their children had long since left the home nest, and ripened fields had taken the place of the green woods, but Lost Creek still murmured on. To-day neglect in garden and orchard is apparent, though the surroundings still hint of the full tide of life that has gone.

The same God whom they worshipped as an exacting, unrelenting and avenging spirit seems in His kindness to have watched over, protected, guided and prospered them and their children throughout the last century. I have never known a man and wife who received more of comfort out of their religion, and more of happiness out of their daily lives, than did this good man and wife.

They were blessed spiritually and rewarded with much of this world's goods.

They had thirteen children, all reaching their majority excepting Solomon. All were married, except Reason, who died at the age of twenty-two. The other girls and boys were happily married, and led prosperous lives. The life of my grandfather was not great, but good. He labored hard, lived honestly and was by all respected. Of his fortune he gave liberally to his church and to the poor. His memory is a part of the old Presbyterian Church in Troy, Ohio. He never accepted of any political position. His tastes were for home and his church. His prejudice was so strongly marked against holding any public position, and his influence so great over his sons, that I believe none of them ever ran for an elective office or held any appointive position. His religious belief permeated his children, but they were much more liberal and tolerant. They were all, like him, Presbyterians.

On one of the cold, bleak days in February, 1871, the Angel of Death entered the old homestead and bade him follow. This descendant of Isaac, the Huguenot, was a sturdy Huguenot himself. Death had no terror for him. It was but the gate opening into an eternal life filled with joy and sweet contentment. It closed upon a temporal life, which he had used only as a battle ground to here obtain a victory for the hereafter.

He was not only ready, but willing, to lay down the joys and comforts of his happy old age, and was fully prepared to enter into an Eternity, the joys of which to him were actual.

He, the child of an expatriated Protestant, was not tolerant of the views of his Roman Catholic neighbor. His religion had made for him and for them one country and one God. For him Church and State were united in the heart only.

When his family, with his friends, consigned him to earth, it was said of him and felt that but few men in his community had equalled him in usefulness and influence. His memory will ever be cherished in that part of Ohio.

Jely, his wife, did not long survive him. Without sickness or pain, she gradually lost her hold upon life, and in August of the same year she sank into a gentle sleep from which she awoke not, but passed to him in that land where there would ever be light, victory and joy for them. Death had thus soon united this loving old couple at the end of their earthly pilgrimage. Sixty-three years, their wedded life, is almost the time allotted to man. They had with equal fortitude borne their trials, sorrows and disappointments. Their later years, filled with joys, successes and prosperity, only made them recognize their earthly stewardship. They never wavered in adherence to their church with its earlier narrow theology

and bigoted dogmas. Their time on earth had somewhat mellowed, but not greatly changed the harsh religious teachings of their day.

In every country religion a century since presented a stern and grim visage, while two centuries ago war and death were the means used and end attained in converting a people to God. Families and friends were arrayed against each other and church seceded from church.

My grandparents looked upon this life solely as a preparation for the celestial kingdom, disregarding the betterment, as we see it to-day, of this kingdom terrestrial. Up to a comparatively recent time the chief concern of mankind was the individual salvation of each for himself, rather than the redemption of our fellow men. The spiritual life of the individual to-day is not lowered, but is put on a higher plane in the effort to improve the race morally. Many and great changes have taken place in religion since my grandfather's boyhood. These changes have not been simply in theology, but in real religious teachings. Our lives to-day are truer, fuller and more Christlike than the lives of our ancestors. "Our aspirations and inspirations are but the voice of Him who speaks in us."

In life the sturdy, self-reliant Christian was united to the tender, loving Jely, an impulsive descendant of Erin. They left this world almost together—

“This narrow isthmus ’twixt two boundless
seas—

The Past, the Future—two eternities.”

From this place forward the family history may be written by my cousins, each for themselves, as to them may seem best; it would consume too much time and space for me to write in detail of each relation. I shall therefore confine myself to write of things connected only with my father.

Each and all of my aunts and uncles are dead, but they have left many children, scattered in many states. The children born to my grandparents are as follows:

Sarah, born in 1809, died in 1866, was married to Fielding Dye. They had six children.

John, born in 1810, married to Elizabeth Statler, by whom he had four children; died in 1899.

Elizabeth, born in 1812, died at the age of forty-one, and was married to Jacob French; no heirs.

Minor, born 1814, died in 1869, was married to Martha Jewett; one son.

Naomi, born in 1815, died in 1851, married G. B. Reed, leaving two sons.

Amy, born in 1817, married Henry Iddings; no children, and died in 1845.

Reason was born in 1818 and died unmarried in the year 1840.

James, born in 1820, died in 1875, was married to Malissa Tullis; one son living and two daughters dead.

Alfred, my father, was born in 1822 and died in 1897. He was married to Lavina Wilhelm in 1847; she still survives him. They had two sons, Cory W., who died in August, 1883, and myself.

Cyrus, born in 1824, died in 1894, was twice married; first to Caroline Babb, then after her death to the sister of his first wife, Minerva Babb. He had two sons by the first wife and no children by the second.

Christian, born in 1826, married to Nancy Cecil, who survives him. He died in 1886, leaving four children, two girls and two boys.

Solomon, the youngest of the sons, born in 1829, died 1841.

Mary, the last of their children, was born in 1830 and died in 1854. She was twice married, first to Ten Eycke, and next to Saylor, but never had any children by either.

To keep clear the line of descent, it is only necessary to remember five generations: Isaac, Daniel, Christian, Christian, Alfred, my father, and myself—Owen Edgar.

We now begin with my father Alfred, then his father Christian, his grandfather Christian, his father Daniel and his father Isaac, being the founder of the family in America. The years

covered from the birth of Isaac in 1669 to the death of my father in 1897 would be two hundred and twenty-eight, while the average of their respective lives was over seventy-five years. This remarkable individual longevity proves the regularity, temperance and character of their lives. Their years were without doubt lengthened by the agricultural vocation each of them pursued. They were tillers of the soil, and lived the industrious and wholesome life of the farmer. None are so content as the laborer and the industrious; none so happy as the frugal and temperate. There have been few of our name in any generation who have led other than the life of the husbandman. But few have taken to either a commercial or professional life, or who lived elsewhere than in the country. The vocation of the husbandman is not to be contested in its dignity and antiquity by any other pursuit. "Hate not laborious work, neither husbandry, which the Most High has ordained." A life in the country is the happy blending of all that is best in human affairs. Cowley says: "A country life is the nearest neighbor or, rather, next in kindred to Philosophy."

Concerning my beloved mother, she was the second child born unto Daniel and Barbara Wilhelm. Her parents were born in the state of Pennsylvania, and, as the name indicates, my grandfather was distinctively of German descent. The maiden name of his wife was Barbara

Stouder, also of German ancestry. They were married in Ohio, and located after marriage on land given my grandmother by her father in Montgomery County, some ten miles north of Dayton. They, too, were pioneers and took up their home on a heavily wooded piece of land. The trees were as varied in character, as huge in size and filled with as many different songsters as the trees of the forest surrounding the LeFevre homestead in the adjoining County. Their land, however, was quite inferior, being upland and of a stiff, yellow clay.

They, about the year 1850, built a most cozy little brick house, which is to-day occupied by two of their children, Franklin and Mary.

I was born three miles away from that old homestead, and passed much of my earlier years roaming over it. My childhood was made delightful beneath the shadows of its woods and in the sunshine of its fields. I loved it then and now more than the house in the village near by in which I was born.

That old brick house on the hill, with its frame addition, covered with climbing roses, was always ample for its guests. The flowering fruit trees, sweet smelling shrubs and brilliant garden flowers paint a picture to memory dear, and never to be forgotten. Children, relatives, friends and acquaintances alike found welcome beneath its roof. It was well named Rose Hill.

“ ’Mid pleasures and palaces, though we
may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like
home.”

The remembrance of those dear old people has been a pleasure to me in all my years. They are still there in spirit and love.

I prefer to recall the picture with its settings as of half a century ago. As it is to-day, it shows the evidences of hard usage, neglect and age. I remember the great fruit trees of that time; nothing shows more plainly neglect and age than an orchard. In its youth the trees are vigorous, the branches close and willowy, readily yielding to a boy’s weight. Each branch of the young tree in Spring bears tufts of bloom; the pure white of the cherry and the plum are mountains of snow. But youth gives place to age: After bearing their ripened fruit for many years the old trees now bow their heads to the East and the South, having all their lives endeavored to get farther and farther away from the West and North, from whence came the cruel winds. The once supple branches are now stubborn and decayed and break with the least weight. The blossoms come not in profusion to gladden the eye each Spring, but age calls for rest. The bloom may be still beautiful, but the fruit is inferior.

The hybrid rose in the garden, the Prairie Queen climbing over porch and fence, the snow-ball and the lilac, tender and modest, fragrant and beautiful, are wanting. Who that has ever lived in the country where these flowers grow can ever forget them: The kitchen garden, bordered with the small blue or larger iris; there the peony, the larkspur and the daffodil reared their stately heads; the johnny-jump-up, the child of the pansy and the wild violet, the old spice May pink and the yellow bachelor button were there each year to greet you as the warm days of Spring lengthened out into the ideal days of early Summer.

I have crystalized and cherished the memory of that place by having some of the old-fashioned flowers about my own Western home. They are dear to me from association, and give much pleasure to my friends, who look again into their winsome faces, the friends of their childhood. We have too much of the awakening:

“To me the meanest flower that blows can
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.”

My mother was born at this charming old country home on the 22d day of November, 1829, and now is living within two hours' drive of that spot, among relatives and friends of her earlier life. She never lived far away from her child-

hood home; she left it on the 17th day of March, 1847, as my father's bride, and they resided within two miles of it during the first sixteen years of their married lives. She was a remarkably beautiful girl and as a young married woman. Though she has borne two children and has done much in a domestic and social line, yet, now at the age of seventy-nine, she is a most charming old lady, and in full possession of all her faculties. Of brothers and sisters she had many: Nettie, Joseph and Martha are dead; Mary, George, Sarah and Franklin are living. My mother has paid us here, in Denver, several visits, but prefers to live in Ohio, near the friends of her lifetime and amid the scenes of her childhood. She has been a fond and indulgent mother; may the remainder of her days be filled with rest, ease and contentment. Her husband and one son have gone before.

To return to my father; he received such an education as was furnished by the old-fashioned schoolmaster in the log school house some seventy years ago. Few branches were then taught, and they were elementary, but were firmly grounded in the minds of the boys and girls. He, on reaching his majority, taught a district school for a year. It was during his days of vacation and his nights while teaching that he diligently did his preparatory work, before entering the medical department of Wilberforce College, at Cleveland,

Ohio. On leaving there, he entered into an association with his brother, Minor, in the practice of his profession at a small town, called Little York, in Montgomery County, Ohio. This association continued over one year, until Minor moved to Indiana. My father was most successful in the practice of his profession from the start.

During the dreadful epidemic of smallpox in the years 1855-56 he gained a wide reputation for the successful and original way in which he handled that dreaded disease. He devoted himself day and night to those thus sorely afflicted, attending to no other practice. My parents were married on St. Patrick's Day, 1847. I was the first child to gladden their lives, born August 6, 1848; my brother Corey was born August 5, 1855. We two were their only children.

My parents continued to reside in Little York until April, 1863, when they moved to Yellow Springs, Ohio, in order that we two boys might enjoy greater educational advantages.

My father in appearance was stout and heavy, with crisp, black hair and beard, which turned gray early. His was a jovial disposition and in character he resembled his mother rather than his father. Whenever he punished it was because it was then considered the proper thing for parents to do. "Spare the rod" was a motto hung on every wall. He was little fitted for money getting outside of his chosen profession and never could

safely invest his small surplus. Hospitality with him was a household god. He gave of his means and skill to serve the poor. His gentleness was like unto that of a child. In 1868, owing to my change from Antioch College to Michigan University, he, with my mother, brother and foster sister, Laura Stauder, removed from Yellow Springs to Tippecanoe, in Miami County, Ohio, within three miles from the home in which he had been born.

There he continued to reside until 1878, when he moved to Dayton, Ohio, to be near my brother, who was engaged in the drug business. After the death of my brother, in 1883, he and my mother, desiring to be closer to me, left Dayton in 1890 and made their home in Kansas City, Missouri, where he resided until his death, which took place on the morning of July 2, 1897.

My mother, my wife and I were all at his bedside when he died. We knew that he was dying, and yet so quietly did he sink away that we scarcely knew when he ceased to breathe. Out of this world he went into the great unknown.

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

We took his body back to Dayton, Ohio, and there, as the sun was sinking away in the West, we laid him at rest side by side with my brother,

who had slept in shaded Greenwood since August, 1883.

My mother never returned to Kansas City, desiring to remain near her brother and sister and among the friends of her earlier life. She had shipped to her most of the household goods to which she was especially attached from association, and sold her residence in Kansas City. She has continuously resided since then in Troy, Ohio, though being with me for long visits at several times.

My foster sister, whom I have mentioned, came to us on the death of her mother, and lived with my parents until she was married to Dr. Thompson in the year 1869. To them have been born three children, two girls and one boy, and delightful children they are. My mother lives in the next house to my sister and is carefully looked after by her.

My brother, Cory W., was born on the 5th day of August, 1855, in the village of Little York. I was then seven, and he came as a most welcome addition to the family. He was one of the very handsomest children I have ever seen. He was not eight years of age when we moved to Yellow Springs. There he entered the graded schools, and during the next five years made good use of his opportunities. He was always a delicate boy, having been left with heart trouble as a resultant of inflammatory rheumatism when about five

years of age. Notwithstanding this organic trouble, he was devoted to field sports and attained great efficiency therein.

In the Autumn of 1868 my brother entered the High School in Tippecanoe, where he remained until the Fall of 1873, at which time he entered the department of chemistry in Michigan University. After leaving there and serving as a prescription clerk for two years, he came to Denver and began the practice of his profession, that of a prescription druggist, under the firm name of Schoenfield and LeFevre. It was a great delight to have him with me during that time. In 1879 he sold his interest on account of his heart trouble, it being aggravated by the high altitude, and returned to Ohio. He owned a drug store in Greenville, Ohio, and one in Dayton, in which he was very successful. In Dayton he met Miss Sarah Mathews, to whom he was married. Their wedded life was most happy, but only a few years were to be theirs together. His health, always delicate, was fast giving away. He was confined to his bed several months before he died, in August, 1883.

He left his young wife to become a mother in six months after his death. His son, Cory A., is now a lad twenty-four years of age, strong and powerful; a manly fellow, given to field sports, as was his father. He prepared at Culver Military Academy in Indiana and at Fine's Pre-

paratory School at Princeton, New Jersey, for his college course in Princeton University. He will graduate therefrom in 1909. His mother remains a widow, residing in Dayton.

To conclude this family history with myself:

I was born August 6, 1848, was married to Miss Eva J. French, the daughter of Daniel and Mary French, of Miami County, Ohio, on the 28th day of June, 1871.

On the 6th day of January, 1884, a daughter, our only child, was born, named Eva Frederica.

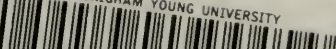
I graduated from Michigan University in June, 1870, having taken the Classical course. I was admitted to the practice of the law two years thereafter. Remained in Ohio until June, 1873, at which time I located in Denver, Colorado, where I have since resided. I have held many positions of trust and honor, among which is that of a Nisi Prius Judge, both on the County and District benches.

My wife was graduated from the University of Delaware, Ohio, on the 28th day of June, 1871, on the night of which day we were married. She has been all that a woman could be as a wife, mother and Christian. She is to-day in much better health than thirty-seven years ago, when we were married. Eva Frederica, our only child, has been a source of comfort and delight. She graduated at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, in June, 1905.

After much travel in Europe and America as a family we find our love for Denver has grown. Here amid friends of more than a third of a century we intend to pass the remaining years of our lives. Our love of America and her institutions has steadily increased as we travel from one foreign country to another. That the LeFevre family, two hundred years ago, came from France and became Americans must be a source of satisfaction to all who bear the name.

I have written at some length of the family on such matters as I hope may be of interest to one and all of the descendants of the American Patriarch—Isaac LeFevre. To slightly vary the words of Cowley, I would say in closing: "That it is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself or his family. It grates upon his own heart to say anything of disparagement and grates upon the reader's ears to hear too much of praise from him."

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